

DONOGHUE'S LETTER.

Newburg's Champion Skater Writes of His Experience Abroad.

Why He Fell in His First Race With Champion Panchin.

He Is Rich in Prizes, But Suffers From a Lack of Rest.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NEWBURG, N. Y., Jan. 30.—A letter has been received here by the Donoghue family from Joe, who was at the time—Jan 15 at Hamburg.

It is a very interesting epistle, describes one or two of the prizes won, tells the story of the fall on the ice in the first race, the truth of which has never before been known, and contains other matter of general interest to the skating public.

The World was privileged to call the following from the letter, which was sent to his brother, Tim, Jr.:

This afternoon I won the mile championship of Germany in 3:58. The prize is a handsome barometer, included in a fancy hard-wood case, also a silver medal. The round the 7,500 metre race takes place (1,000 to the mile). Prize, an immense cup and medal. (These were won by Joe—Ed.) We arrived here after riding in the confounded European cars since 8 o'clock Monday morning, getting here fifteen minutes before the race. The day was not so hot, while sitting in the cars, with our necks at an angle of four or five degrees.

In the Vienna race, I led all the way round until half of the last lap, when Panchin, spurred by me and I did not have strength enough to meet it as I should. But I did the best I could and was beaten only 1-5. In 2:57 on a four-lap track. We were traveling from 5 o'clock Thursday, from Amsterdam, until 10 o'clock Saturday without sleep, having to get out every twenty miles to have baggage examined, for they don't believe one another in Europe. Panchin had been skating in St. Petersburg since Oct. 10, while I had had three and one-half days' skating previous to the race. He arrived in Amsterdam on Tuesday noon before the race, which was on Tuesday.

In the first heat of the half mile I leaned over too far in rounding the first turn, and the sole of my shoe touched the ice and away I went sliding under both ropes, and only stopped by grabbing one of the posts. At the close of the race, which Panchin won in 1:35, the people yelled for a race between Jerens, the Dutch champion, and myself. I beat him easily in 1:26.

Joe gives a long description of a race between two English professionals—Snart and See—ending up as follows:

Their style is not what can be called good, because they do not use the edge of their arms, striking out straight ahead with the force of a J. L. Sullivan. Their strokes are not long, nor do they keep a straight line over the ice. They are prepared for a race by rolling their pants up to their knees, and shirt-tails to the elbow. Then they flip their hats to some friend and away they go.

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This race over the American Minister then announced that he would give a cup valued at \$250 for a two-mile race, to take place next morning between Von Panchin and myself. Von Panchin refused, saying I could beat him in a two-mile race.

We go back to Holland for the Friesland mile championship, also the ten-mile championship. I am to skate with the view of breaking the five and the twenty-five-mile record.

On the 25th or thereabouts the International championship race takes place at Cambridge, England, for the Prince of Orange cup, which has never yet been won, as it requires four champions of as many countries to enter. Loveday, who won the English championship on the 24th, was beaten out of sight at Amsterdam, so I stand a good chance.

If I father would like to have any of our skates sent here next winter, I have orders for 112 pairs—100 at Amsterdam, 12 at Vienna.

The Misses Tebbutt and Goodwin [daughters of foreign champions] are charming young ladies, and the finest lady skaters I have ever seen.

We could have had plenty of skating here on Nov. 10 and for twenty-four days thereafter, but did not know that in America, of course. Your brother Joe.

P. S.—I am nearly dead for want of sleep.

I am doing very well on such practice—a six days' walk, training on the track. Joe.

The Lieberkranz Ball.

The fancy dress ball of the German Lieberkranz will occur Thursday evening, Feb. 7, at the Metropolitan Opera-House. Every effort will be made to have the affair surpass in brilliancy even the most brilliant of its annual predecessors.

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THE GREAT WAR SYNDICATE

Remarkable Story of Hostilities Between the United States and Great Britain.

How a Wonderful War Was Waged by Contract Near the Close of the Nineteenth Century.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Author of "Rudder Gwang," "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alabine," &c., &c.

(PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. F. COLLIER, OF "ONCE A WEEK.")

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALMENTS I-IV.

A contract is made with this Government, whereby a Syndicate agrees to bring to a close within one year the war which exists with England at the close of the present century. The Syndicate is to be composed of a number of submarine vessels, called "crabs," constructed, which by means of mechanical jaws or forceps dismember English non-combatant ships and their cargoes. The crabs are to be constructed, which by means of mechanical jaws or forceps dismember English non-combatant ships and their cargoes. The crabs are to be constructed, which by means of mechanical jaws or forceps dismember English non-combatant ships and their cargoes.

INSTALMENT NO. 13.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION BY THE SYNDICATE AT CAERDUFF.

Caerduff consisted of a large fort on a promontory, and an immense castellated structure on the other side of a small bay, with a little fishing village at the head of said bay. The castellated structure was rather old, the

REPORTERS' DAILY CAMERAS

SOME PHASES OF CITY LIFE CAUGHT UPON THEIR LENSES.

Two Luckily Bad Thieves That Saved a Rare Porcelain.

Several Yorkville urchins were seen recently, busily engaged in picking up stones in the street, while cries of "First shot," "I had it before you," and similar expressions filled the air.

The object of the excitement was soon apparent, in the shape of an old-fashioned china tankard, somewhat the worse for wear, which was balanced on a board fence across the street.

It having been satisfactorily decided who was to be first shot, the favored urchin poised himself for deliberate aim, and planted a stone about two inches below the fragile target.

A howl of derision greeted his shot, and number two swung his arm, but his aim also fell wide of the mark, and the tankard remained intact.

Just then a stout gentleman who was passing, instinctively looked to see what the boys were throwing stones at, and, seeing that he had caught sight of the tankard, an exclamation broke from his lips, and the next instant he was tenderly wiping the dust from the late target and carefully surveying its cracked sides.

The boys were loud in their protests at being deprived of their fun, but a shining half-dollar, which the stout gentleman had tossed into the air, and which he had caught in his hand, silenced them, and they were unwilling or unable to give the exact locality.

The boys then ran off to spend the 50 cents, while the stout gentleman, who was Bob Fullerton, the Third Avenue curio-dealer, resumed his walk, bearing in his hand the battered but valuable piece of Capo di Monti porcelain, which he now proudly exhibits to his friends, relating at the same time the story of the rescue.

Young Girls on an "L" Train Who Talked With Numb Fingers.

It is now the correct thing for girls to talk with their fingers. In this way they refute the imputation that they chatter.

Three girls, between the ages of fifteen and twenty, boarded an L. railroad train. They were freshly and elegantly dressed and evidently belonged to the bon ton.

The instant they were seated they commenced a vigorous conversation with their fingers. They were adepts and their nimble fingers fairly flew. They giggled then with the utmost ease and appeared never to hesitate as to how they should express what they wished to say.

Their eyes followed the movements of the fingers lazily, seeming to comprehend the complicated digital language without effort. The faces of the girls would light up, beam, smile and be convulsed with laughter, but throughout all their animated talk never a sound came from their lips.

The brakeman said they were not members of a deaf and dumb asylum, as might be supposed, but belonged to well-to-do families in the swell part of the city. They were on their way to the city, where they were to prepare for a race by rolling their pants up to their knees, and shirt-tails to the elbow. Then they flip their hats to some friend and away they go.

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TO FIGHT WITHIN TEN DAYS.

BROOKLYN'S JACK MAULIFFE AND STREATOR'S BILLY MYERS.

Arrangements for Frey's Pool Tourney—A Roller-Skating Contest in Brooklyn—The Coming Spectacular Bicycle Race at the Madison Square Garden—General Sporting News and Gossip.

The finish fight with skin gloves for \$2,000 a side and the Police Game diamond-studded belt, representing the championship of lightweight pugilists of America, between Jack Mauliffe, of Brooklyn, and Billy Myers, of Streator, Ill., will be fought within ten days.

The battle-ground will be between Chicago and St. Louis, and will probably be decided upon by a meeting in Chicago soon. This match has held the attention of men interested in pugilism ever since it was made in the office of the Boston Globe. A delegation of Eastern men will start for the East in a few days, and will meet at the fight-promoting sporting men of Chicago, St. Louis and other Western cities. A large amount of money will change hands on the result.

Richard K. Fox received a letter from Meville yesterday, in which Jack again expresses his confidence in his ability to win, and also his esteem for Mr. Fox. Jack and Mr. Fox are very good friends.

Albert M. Frey announces the arrangements for the coming continuous pool tournament, in which he is the prime mover, as they have been made by a committee consisting of Messrs. Frey, Maurice Daly and John D. O'Connor. The tournament will be held at Harbinger Hall, Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, commencing Feb. 23. It will be a four-day event, with seven players to be allowed to participate. As time has been entered, a preliminary contest will take place in Frey's pool room, 334 Broadway, beginning next Monday evening at 8 p. m. This will decide which two of Manning, Harrison, Stewart and Kuntzsch will play in the finals with Malone, King, Povers, Clearwater and Frey.

A twelve-hour roller-skating contest began last evening at the roller tologian slide, Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, and evening. The contestants are Emmet McDowell, of Philadelphia; Dick Phillips, of New York; Geo. W. Anderson, of Brooklyn; Thomas D. Phillips, of Staten Island; and Jack Smith, of Lowell, Mass. The men skated six hours last evening and will finish to-night.

The Ours and Cosmopolitan Bowling Clubs bowed their second game of this season in the New York Tennis Court, 312 West Forty-first Street, last evening. The result was a victory for the Ours by a score of 1,799 to 1,585. The Ours won the first game also.

The girls who will ride in the six-day female bicycle race which begins in Madison Square Garden Feb. 11, are arriving in the city by train and there, and next week they will be at work training for the race. Most of them will ride 50-mile wheels. The race can not be said to be spectacular in the ordinary sense, but the often or more whirlwind of the girls' track will surely make a dizzy sight. They will go for four days the last evenings during the week. The half-headed sons of the race in the center of the Garden, near the fence bordering on the inside of the track.

The Riverside Athletic Club, of Newark, gave its first winter meeting in the Belvidere Avenue rink this evening. The events to be contested include running, jumping, walking, tug-of-war and a novice race, and as the girls are not yet ready to compete, the games will be interesting. Union rules will govern. The proceeds will go towards building a new clubhouse in Newark in the Spring.

The Orion Rowing and Athletic Association, of Jersey City, announces Pat Canill and Cal McCarthy, the boxers, as features in its entertainment to be given next Monday evening. In this association the record for the largest mileage has been held for the past two seasons by F. W. Stow.

The programme of the N. Y. A. Winter games, to be given in Madison Square Garden March 2, comprises the following events: Seventy-five, 220, 440 and 880 yards run, two-mile run, one-mile walk, 20 yard dash, 100 yard dash, 500 yards race, three-quarter mile novice walk, one-quarter mile novice run and one-half mile novice race. Entries are open to all amateurs until Feb. 20, when they close with the Secretary of the Association, P. O. box 3,478, this city. Entrance fee is 50 cents, except the tug-of-war, which is \$2. Prizes will be on exhibition at Johnson Bros., Union Square, after Feb. 10.

J. Dulton and J. Devlin, members of the Kilgannon A. C., ran a half-mile race recently, which Devlin won by about three yards. Devlin will challenge any man to run this distance.

Otto Ruhl, Secretary of the N. Y. A. C., writes from the Adirondacks that his health is very much improved. He will return to the city in about ten days.

An international horse-hoof turning match, for \$1,000 and the championship of the world, between David Meredith, of England, and James Donohue, of this city, will be operated upon. No one could for a moment imagine that the Syndicate had mined this place; and if it should be destroyed by motor-bombs, it would prove to the country that the Government had not been frightened by the tricks of a crafty enemy.

An hour after the receipt of the note in which it was stated that Caerduff had been

questioning that information of the hour appointed be instantly transmitted to London. When this had been done the fleet steamed six or seven miles off shore, where it lay to or cruised about for two nights and a day.

As soon as the Government had selected Caerduff for bombardment, immediate measures were taken to remove the small garrisons and the inhabitants of the fishing village from possible danger. When the Syndicate's note was received by the commandant of the fort, he was already in receipt of orders from the War Office to evacuate the fortifications, and to superintend the removal of the fishermen and their families to a point of safety further up the coast.

Caerduff was a place difficult of access by land, the nearest railroad station being fifty-two miles away, but on the day after the arrival of the Syndicate's fleet in the offing, thousands of people made their way to this part of the country, anxious to see—if perchance they might find an opportunity to satisfy some—what might happen at 10 o'clock the next morning. Officers of the army and navy, Government officials, press correspondents, in great numbers, and curious and anxious observers of all classes hastened to the Welsh coast.

The little towns where the visitors left the trains were crowded to overflowing, and every possible conveyance by which the mountains lying back of Caerduff could be reached was eagerly secured, many persons, however, being obliged to depend upon their own legs. Soon after sunrise of the appointed day the forts, the village and the surrounding low country were entirely deserted, and every point of vantage on the mountains lying some miles back from the coast was occupied by excited spectators, nearly every one armed with a field-glass.

A few of the guns from the fortifications were transported to an overlooking height in order that they might be brought into action in case the repeller, instead of bombardment, should send men in boats to take possession

of the evacuated fortifications, or should attempt any mining operations. The guns for this battery were stationed at a safe place to the rear, whence they could readily reach their guns if necessary.

The next day was one of supreme importance to the Syndicate. On this day it must make plan to the world, not only what the

entirely by the crabs, there was every reason to believe that if there were such things as motor-guns their range was very short, not as great as that of the ordinary dynamite cannon. The great risk run by one of the crabs in order to disable a dynamite gunboat seemed an additional proof of this.

It was urged that the explosions in the

water might have been produced by torpedoes; that the torpedo-boat which had been destroyed was so near the repeller that an ordinary shell was sufficient to accomplish the damage that had been done.

To gain any such assumptions was imperative on the Syndicate's forces. To firmly establish the prestige of the instantaneous motor was the object of the war. Crabs were of but temporary service. Any nation could build vessels like them, and there were many means of destroying them. The spring-armor was a complete defense against ordinary artillery, but it was not a defense against submarine torpedoes. The crabs of the Syndicate could be firmly based on nothing but the powers of absolute annihilation possessed by the instantaneous motor-bomb.

About 9 o'clock on the appointed morning Repeller No. 11, much to the surprise of the spectators on the high grounds with field-

glasses and telescopes, steamed away from Caerduff. What this meant nobody knew, but the naval military observers immediately suspected that the Syndicate's vessel had concentrated attention upon Caerduff in order to go over to Ireland to do some sort of mischief there. It was presumed that the crabs accompanied her, but as they were now at their fighting depth it was impossible to see them at so great a distance.

But it was soon perceived that Repeller No. 11 had no intention of running away, nor of going over to Ireland. From slowly cruising about four or five miles off shore she had steamed westward until she had reached a point which, according to the calculations of her scientific corps, was nine marine miles from Caerduff. There she lay to against a strong breeze from the east.

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From all these the director perceived that the cause of the Syndicate had in a certain way suffered from the manner in which the battle in the Channel had been conducted. Every newspaper urged that if the repeller carried guns capable of throwing the bombs which the Syndicate professed to use there was no reason why every ship in the British fleet should not have been destroyed. But as the repeller had not fired a single shot at the fleet, and as the battle had been fought

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MR. DUFF AS IMPRESARIO.

HE WILL SAIL AWAY AND CORNER EUROPEAN OPERATIC TALENT.

Young Mrs. Blaine Studying Hard and Taking Singing Lessons—Sam Harrison Again Seen on Broadway—Mrs. Langtry's Gaiety Revival—New Englanders to See "Sweet Lavender."

Young Mr. "Jim" Duff, of the Standard Theatre, sails for Europe next Saturday. He has been selected by a stock company in Chicago to make the trip in the interests of their big opera-house, recently built for the purpose of producing operatic works on an extensive scale. Mr. Duff will depart from these shores as a manager, commissioned to secure any available European talent also, irrespective of the "dem'd total."

The Chicago mercurials who are at the head of this concern are not so much interested in its money-making possibilities, as in the prospect of being able to present in Chicago first-class operatic attractions, imported directly from Europe, without having stopped en route for the verdict of a metropolitan audience. Chicago is desperately jealous of New York's operatic superiority, and this is not the only instance that could be brought forward in substantiation of that statement.

Mr. Duff was approached on the subject of his present intention when he was in Chicago with his "Queen's Mate" company. There were many consultations, and arrangements have just been closed. This is not a speculation for him. It is what is effectively known as "a sure thing." Duff expects to be absent about eight weeks. Before leaving, his affairs will all be straightened, and he has routed his "Queen's Mate" until May 1. So Duff can sail calmly away.

In spite of the fact that Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is only to be a member of a good company, and not a "singer," she was, as a singer, under Mr. Friedman's management, she will nevertheless be "featured," which means that she will appear more conspicuously in the programmes, and will poster that with the other members of the company. Mr. Belasco says that she is working at least five hours per day, and is also taking singing lessons.

The Evening World's identification of Miss Lamar as Miss Blanche Marsden was much discussed in Philadelphia, where the lady is now playing in "A Royal Tramp." She says that she now intends to call herself Blanche Marsden Lamar, and is obliged for the suggestion.

A Royal Tramp, by the way, is not a new play. Miss Lamar in a small part appears to have made a good impression.

Miss Pauline Wheeler, a young Californian girl, daughter of a well-known San Francisco lawyer, is in the city arranging for an appearance in the operatic field.

Chiquella, the juggler of the Howard Athenaeum Specialty Company, now at the Star, is a gentleman of importance in Germany. He is managerially connected with one of the chief theatres in Berlin. He will be obliged to return to Germany in April to arrange for the summer season, which is very lively in that country. Next season he will come back to America under Rich & Harris's management, in connection with a pantomime company, which he will organize at his own theatre in the Winter, and play for a short time in Berlin before bringing here.

Sam Harrison, of "The Corsair" company, is again on Broadway. He has been as far West as San Francisco, and had no difficulty in surviving the ordeal.

The burning of the Opera-House in Duluth, which for the benefit of the geographically ignorant is in a small town near St. Paul, was a welcome piece of news to travelling organizations. The loss of a theatre in St. Paul drove them to Duluth.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry's Gaiety-made costume for "As You Like It" will be extremely interesting. She is doing a great deal of hard work in connection with this coming revival. The music will be specially good. Her double quartet is composed entirely of church voices.

Frank L. Goodwin, formerly Miss Clara's manager, is negotiating for the production of a play by J. Fowler, a young Philadelphia journalist, whose cause the half-hearted Mr. Goodwin has espoused.

"Pete" at Harrigan's to-morrow night, a first night at Harrigan's, even a "revived" first night, is always interesting.

A "Sweet Lavender" company is to be sent out Feb. 21 for a ten weeks' tour to New England, under the management of R. M. Field, of the Boston Museum, and Charles Frohman. T. J. Frawley has been engaged to play Jack, Henry Miller's part, and J. H. Bradshaw to play Dick Fenwick, the role assumed here by W. J. Lenox.

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Young Mrs. Blaine Studying Hard and Taking Singing